ML
50
N5L8
1900a

UC-NRLF

B 4 338 071

DING
. DIV.
DING)

CORRECT BOOK OF THE OPERA.

THE

Merry Wives of Windsor.

Comic Opera, - in Three Acts.

COMPOSED BY

OTTO NICOLAI.

PLAYED BY THE

American Opera Company.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

COMPOSED BY

OTTO NICOLAI.

LIBRETTO.

CONTAINING

CORRECT ENGLISH WORDS.

EDITED BY

GEO. W. TRYON, Jr.

BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON & CO.

New York: O. H. DITSON & CO., 711 BROADWAY. Chicago: LYON & HEALY. Philadelphia: J. E. DITSON & CO. Successors to LEE & WALKER.

Sold by Music and Book Dealers generally.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

THIS celebrated comic Opera is founded on the Shakspearean comedy of the same name, and consists of scenes from it slightly altered. The identity will be recognized at once, however. SIR JOHN FALSTAFF makes love at the same moment to two married women, MRS. PAGE and MRS. FORD, and these ladies determine to lure him on for the purpose of punishing him for his temerity. His escape from the search of a jealous husband, by concealing himself in a basket of soiled linen going to the wash, is one of the laughable features of the First Act; and the beating which he receives when disguised as an old woman, is scarcely a more comic situation than that in which we find him boasting of his success with Mrs. Ford to her husband; who he supposes to be another person. The Opera ends with the Fairy Extravaganza of the comedy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON. } In love with Anna Page.
SLENDER. }
DR. CAIUS. }

MR. and MRS. FORD, } Citizens of Windsor
MR. and MRS. PAGE, }
ANNA PAGE. In love with Fenton.
HOST OF THE GARTER INN.

CHORUS.
CITIZENS AND SERVANTS.

Scene.—Windsor and the Park.

F. Scott Smith

ML50
N5L8
1950a

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT FIRST

SCENE FIRST.

A Street before PAGE'S *House.*

[*Enter* MRS. FORD, *with an open letter in her hand.*]

DUET.

MRS. FORD. No, no, this really is too bad,
That he dares thus to tease me,
The old knight surely must be mad
To think his love would please me.
Yet, if he were of high degree,
Young, gallant in his bearing,—
But of all lovers such as he
May heaven be kindly sparing.
(*Speaks.*)
But have I then this letter rightly read?
(*Reads.*) "Fair lady, to my seeming
We're for each other made,
Your beauteous eyes are beaming
With love that turns my head."
(*Speaks.*) Such twaddle really does surprise,
What right has he to praise my eyes?
(*Reads.*) "You're fond of sack, and so am I,
Is this not sympathy?"
(*Speaks.*) You old fool, this I do deny,
Drink sack! No, none for me.
(*Reads.*) "And now in short,
Just take my word,
I love thee well, as tongue can tell.
By day and night
Thou'rt my delight.
"JOHN FALSTAFF."
Ah, only wait, my foolish fellow,
For these bold words I'll make you bellow.
With Mrs. Page, my neighbor here,
I'll hatch a plot, will cause you fear.
Ah, only wait, etc.

[*Enter* MRS. PAGE, *an open letter in her hand, not observing* MRS. FORD.]

MRS. PAGE. I'll to my neighbor quickly run,
With her to read this over,
And then we'll have some hearty fun
With this old foolish lover.
(*Observing* MRS. FORD.)
Ah, then, Mrs. Ford, this is lucky.
MRS. FORD, Mrs. Page.
MRS. PAGE. I was about to call on you—
MRS. FORD. And I on you, and I on you—
MRS. PAGE. With such a curious letter, dear—
MRS. FORD. With this small note that I have here—
MRS. PAGE. A silly fellow wrote to me—
MRS. FORD. Oh, read it out!
MRS. PAGE. Well, list to me!
I'll read it through, do list to me.
MRS. FORD. Oh, read, and I will list to thee.
MRS. PAGE. (*Reads.*)
"Fair lady, to my seeming,
We're for each other made—"
MRS. FORD. (*Astonished, also reads.*)
"We're for each other made."
The same is here.
MRS. PAGE. "Your beauteous eyes are beaming—"
MRS. FORD. "With love that cannot fade."
Go on, go on!
MRS. PAGE. "You're fond of sack, and so am I,—"
MRS. FORD. Of sack—
MRS. PAGE. "Is this not sympathy?"
MRS. FORD. Proceed then, proceed then!
BOTH. "And now in short,
Just take my word,
I love thee well,
As tongue can tell.
By day and night
Thou'rt my delight.
"JOHN FALSTAFF."
Such an outrage! We two women
Suffer from this man of lust,
So insulting, all his scheming
Fills me only with disgust.
But our honest name, our honor,
Soon shall be avenged, my friend!
Woman, when the mood is on her,
Sure and artful means will find!

M359518

MRS. FORD. But how shall we begin then?
MRS. PAGE. I'll tell my husband all.
MRS. FORD. Oh, that would be a sin then,
And will not do at all;
So would the joke be ended,
Without our laughter blended.
No, no, no, no, no, no!
You must not act just so.
No, that will never do, etc.
MRS. PAGE. Well, what say you?
MRS. FORD. This plan I would pursue:
By artful toils we'll him allure
Into a net so cunning,
And when he there is fast and sure,
Will be our time for funning.
MRS. PAGE. Yes, that we'll do.
BOTH. By artful toils, etc.
So let us then at once away
And play this trick this very day.
Now take care, you artful creature,
We'll together play a part,
Soon we'll cool your ardent nature,
Soon we'll cure your aching heart.
We'll allure you.
In this plot we'll find such fun.
So beware then
Of our snare then,
Foolish twaddling, Sir John,
Now take care, etc. [*Exeunt.*

[*Enter* CAJUS, SLENDER, PAGE, *and* FENTON.]

PAGE. (*To* SLENDER.) Enter the house meanwhile,
My worthy son-in-law,
And I shall soon rejoin you.
SLENDER. O sweet Ann Page. [*Enters the house.*
CAJUS. Son-in-law, son-in-law, mort de ma vie,
We're not so far advanced—
C'ertainement I sall kill ce Monsieur Slender—
And I myself will carry off ce gentil Anna.
Je jure, I will par tous les diables. [*Exit.*
PAGE. Oh ho! here is the gay Crapeau.
What want you then of me, say, Master Fenton?

DUET.

FENTON. Your dear daughter!
PAGE. What! my daughter?
FENTON Sweet Anna, whom alone I dearly love.
PAGE. Can I then have rightly heard
That, a beggar, such as he,
Should love my daughter? How absurd!
FENTON. Wealth—alas—I cannot offer.
PAGE. I know that Don't bother.
FENTON. Fond affection's all I proffer
And a true and loving heart,—
Yes, a true and loving heart.
PAGE. That's all right.
FENTON Yes, my love is true and tender.
PAGE. That's all right, all right, ha, ha!
But now, here is Mr. Slender,
He shall be my son-in-law.
FENTON. O hear me—
Recall the days of youth and pleasure
When o'er thy bosom love held sway,
Refuse me not my life's best treasure
Nor send me coldly thus away.
Do not deny me this great blessing,
And you the deed will never rue;
Though neither wealth nor lands possessing,
My heart is faithful, fond, and true.
PAGE. Yes, he comes here quite apropos
Slender is the richer though.
Better suitor, to my mind,
My dear daughter cannot find;
Much I know he's placed away,
Yielding interest every day,
And his income, I think, clear
Just six hundred pounds a year,
And a good and steady trade—
Anna, yes, your fortune's made.
FENTON. Do you accept me? Say you do.
PAGE. No, no, no, no, another's in my view.
FENTON. A true and loving heart I tender.
PAGE. So, so, but you're not Master Slender.
FENTON. What! and for him, the Parroquet,
Set me aside?
PAGE. No, sir, I really cannot let, no sir,
You thus insult my son-in-law.
FENTON. For such a Parroquet, ha, ha, ha, ha.
PAGE. She's not for you, now rest assured.
FENTON. And is this really your last word?
PAGE. Excuse me, dear sir, I must go.
FENTON. How, neighbor, I'd have you take care,
My love is great, I'll all things dare.
PAGE. Ho, ho!
FENTON. Vainly you strive to have your way, sir;
True love will surely gain the day, sir.
PAGE. So!
FENTON. In spite of all your tyranny
Sweet Anna, I swear, shall soon be mine.
PAGE. Now, sir, you'll get me in a rage;
Too good for you is my Ann Page.
'Tis foully wrong, nay, don't doubt it—
I pray you, think no more about it.
It really will not serve your end,
She never can be yours, my friend.
[*They separate and exeunt.*

[*Enter* MRS. FORD, *from her house.*]

MRS. FORD.
Now, then, aid me, wit, fun, and humor;
Attend me now and help me in
My scheme—spirits of mischief all,
Ye are needed to punish well
All such foolish men—there is a set
So very bad, that one can scarcely punish
Them enough—this burly glutton beats
Them all, he dares to ask our love.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, I'll make him rue
It, but when he comes, how, how shall
I begin to tease him; what shall I tell
Him—ha! I have it now.
Deceiver, wherefore seek ye to destroy my
Happiness, wherefore, wherefore, deceiver.
Your temerity I never can forgive, no
My rage shall be your punishment,
Shall be your punishment. Alas—
Poor woman, she is weak, is weak.

You urge your suit so plaintively,
I feel my heart will break,
No longer can I cruel be.
And I confess it, blushing to you,
And I, etc.
My brave knight, my brave knight,
Ah, ah, I love you.
He will believe me,
My part, I think, I'll play quite well,
Though right or wrong, 'tis hard to tell—
This kind of fun, I think, may be permitted.
Joking and laughing
Lightens our labors,
And to our neighbors,
Yields fun anew.
Plotting and scheming,
Mischief ne'er dreaming,—
No one can blame,
If the heart still is true.
Thus then, confiding,
Onward I'll go,
Such aid providing, yes,
As woman can do. [*Exit.*

SCENE SECOND.

A Room in FORD'S *House.*

[*Enter* MRS. FORD, *with* FALSTAFF.]

FALSTAFF. At length then I have won thee,
Thou beauteous pearl of love;
Come near me, let me embrace thee,
Thou shalt my lady be.
Yes, yes, yes, thou shalt my lady be.
MRS. FORD. Oh dearest sweetheart, leave me then.
FALSTAFF. How, lady fair, thou tremblest still!
My darling, banish sorrow—
And do not be so prude.
MRS FORD. So say you, now—
To-morrow you'll not know me then.
FALSTAFF. As I'm a true and gallant soldier——
MRS. FORD. I cannot trust you yet.
FALSTAFF.
Come, sweetheart, don't be so provoking.
MRS. FORD. I cannot trust you yet—
You love also Mrs. Page.
FALSTAFF.
How? What? That frightful old beldame,
What do you think of me?
She waddles like a duckling—
I would be a great fool.
No, no, no, no!
MRS. FORD. Well, then, I will believe you,
My gallant, loving knight.
FALSTAFF. Sweetheart, I'll not deceive you,
Come, yield my soul delight.
MRS. PAGE. (*Without, knocking at the door.*)
Mrs. Ford!
MRS. FORD. Who knocks?
MRS. PAGE. Mrs. Ford, open, quickly.
MRS FORD. Ah me!
FALSTAFF. What now? Speak, my dear child—
MRS. PAGE. Mrs. Ford, open quickly, open.
FALSTAFF. Help, heaven!
MRS. FORD. Yes, at once! Here, dearest Sir John, hide yourself.
MRS. PAGE. Mrs. Ford, open, open!
MRS. FORD. Yes, at once! Mrs. Page, is't you?

[*Enter* MRS. PAGE.]

MRS. PAGE. Yes, me.
MRS. FORD. What brings you here?
MRS. PAGE. Alas! I'm almost out of my wits.
MRS. FORD. What's the matter?
MRS. PAGE. Your honest name is lost, I fear.
MRS. FORD.
How so? How so? My neighbor dear?
MRS. PAGE. Your husband there is raging so,
Quick, save yourself, else blood may flow.
MRS. FORD.
(Speak louder.) Heaven, what is the cause?
MRS. PAGE. He storms and swears, he truly knows,
You have a lover here with you.
MRS. FORD. Oh, I am lost, what shall I do?
MRS. PAGE. O wretched wife! So then it's true?
MRS. FORD. O yes, it is. (Speak louder, do!)
MRS. PAGE. Alas! You both are lost, I fear,
Half Windsor brings he with him here
And should your lover bê here still,
He'll take his life.
MRS. FORD. O, heaven, he will?
MRS. PAGE.
See that basket there, 'tis just the thing,
To save him, we must put him in.
MRS. FORD. What, put him in?
MRS. PAGE. His only chance, I fear, is that.
MRS. FORD. O heaven, he is so very fat!
FALSTAFF.
Let's see the basket, quick, quick, let's see,
I'm almost wild!
MRS. PAGE. How, good Sir John!
FALSTAFF. Yes, dearest child.
MRS. PAGE.
What, you here? Who wrote my billet-doux?
FALSTAFF. Yes, yes, 'twas I, I'm fond of you,
I'll be your knight, my lady dear.
MRS. FORD. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
FALSTAFF. But help me, help me in here,
I must go in, in here,
Sweet Mrs. Ford, dear Mrs. Page, I swear,
I love, I love you dear.
MRS. FORD. Ha, ha, ha, ha, get in, get in, be quick,
Be quick, get in, keep still, ha, ha.
BOTH. Sir John, enjoy yourself now, dear.

MRS. FORD. Who waits there,
Take that basket there
And quick it to the meadow bear,
Empty it in the river there.
You hear me!
RS. PAGE. Empty it in the river there.
OTH. Ha, ha,
Sir John, enjoy yourself, etc.

[*Enter* FORD, CAJUS, PAGE, SLENDER, *and Citizens.*]

FORD. Come in, come in, come in and see,
Here all together you must be;
Ho, rascals, halt, what have you there?
MRS. FORD. Away—the washing quickly bear.
What would you?
You awful jealous man,
My basket can't you leave alone.
[*The basket is carried out.*
FORD. False one, now at length you're caught,
Though long deceived, I've found you out.
MRS. FORD. Oh dearest sweetheart.
FORD. Say no more.
PAGE. Be tranquil, sir.
CAJUS. Quelle horreur.
FORD. No more,
Here are my keys, sirs,
Come all with me, sirs,
We'll find him here,
Come, search with me, come search with me.
PAGE. Dear neighbor, don't your reason lose.
CAJUS. Il est jaloux, oui, oui, jalonx.
FORD. All women thus our loves abuse,
And bring dishonor to our house.
CHORUS. What an awful jealous spouse.
SLENDER. Sweet Ann Page.
[*Exeunt all but* MRS. PAGE *and* MRS. FORD.
MRS. PAGE. Go on—this is great fun, 'tis,
And quite a royal sort of fun.
MRS. FORD. Go on and search, no trouble sparing.
This night how damp will sleep Sir John.
BOTH. This is great fun, etc.
MRS. PAGE.
And neighbor Ford must have his share.
MRS. FORD. We have not troubled him enough,
We must again in some way teaze him.
MRS. PAGE. Of course we'll write to him some tender stuff,
And ask him here again; 'twill please him.
MRS. FORD. Truly a wife can plot and scheme,
And still preserve her honest name·
There are the hunters coming,
But nothing have they caught

[*The Citizens, etc., re-enter.*]

MRS. PAGE. Now, sit you down there mourning.
Because you have found naught!
FORD, PAGE, and CHORUS. Nothing!
MRS. PAGE. Now, tell me how you feel, dear.
MRS. FORD. I die of shame and grief.
MRS. PAGE. See, how you've nearly killed her,
Your faithful, loving wife,
Look at her, if you can, harsh man.
BOTH. Harsh man!
MRS. FORD. Oh! oh! oh! oh!
Alas! those days are faded,
Since first my love he won,
No grief my joy then shaded,
His heart was mine alone.
Now blinded by his fury,
There's naught but pain and grief.
His jealous rage will surely
Torment his wife to death.
FORD. All search is unavailing,
No trace of him I find;
The devil still prevailing,
Destroys my peace of mind.
MRS. FORD. His jealous rage prevailing,
Brings anguish to his mind.
FORD. Forgive me, dearest sweetheart;
A note told me, my dear,
That old Sir John was with you here.
MRS. FORD. What! How disgraceful!
Ungrateful man, now hear me well,
I will no longer bear it;
I'll tell the town you treat me ill,
And I will leave you, yes I will,
This day I do declare it.
CHORUS. Oh! harsh man.
FORD. Oh that unlucky note alone,
Has caused me all this bother.
Now, then, be still, I pray be still.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

SONG.

FALSTAFF.
Whilst yet a child on my mother's breast,
Tra, la, la, in rain or in wind,
Sack then I drank with the greatest zest,
And the rain poured down every day, every day.
Then, sunny Ann, come here,
Bring me a goblet here.
Filled to overflow.

Quench now the burning flame,
Drinking is not a shame,
Bacchus did so, yes, Bacchus!
Ready now, provide.

CHORUS. Provide!

FALSTAFF. Throats open wide.

CHORUS. Wide.

FALSTAFF. One, two, and——

CHORUS. Three.

FALSTAFF. Bravo!

CHORUS. They bear one from amongst the band,
So full of wine, he could not stand,
Now Bacchus grant him sweet repose,
Sound sleep regardless of all woes.

FALSTAFF.
And when I threw off all my childish ways,
Tra, la, la, in rain or in wind;
The girls they all shrunk from my ardent gaze,
And the rain poured down every day, every day.
When I've an empty purse,
Or without sack, that's worse,—
I try the dice,
Fortune's a faithful friend.
Court her and she'll be kind,
That's my advice.
Ready now, provide.

CHORUS. Provide!

FALSTAFF. Throats open wide.

CHORUS. Wide.

FALSTAFF. One, two, and——

CHORUS. Three.

FALSTAFF. Bravo!

[*Enter* FORD.]

FORD. God save you, sir, I am really happy—
The world-renowned, the celebrated knight
John Falstaff to see here.

FALSTAFF.
Oh you flatter me. (A most charming man.)

FORD. My worthy sir—I've been so bold—
A morning's nip now hither to you to send.

FALSTAFF.
Well, if you please, we'll drink together then.

FORD. With all my heart.

BOTH. Heaven preserve you, sir.

FALSTAFF. Well, now then—now, who are you,
Worthy sir—and what brings you to me?

FORD. My name is Brook.

FALSTAFF. Brook?

FORD. And I am one has freely spent his gold.

FALSTAFF. Ah, then, good Master Brook,
That's just as I have done.

FORD There yet remains a tidy sum, however,
Which I will not be sparing of in an enterprise,
In which, I hope, your council to obtain.

FALSTAFF. What, an adventure?

FORD. Yes, just so, and you, my worthy sir,
So celebrated for your gallantry,
Adored by all the fair—I come to you
For aid. Now hear me then, I am in love
To madness, with the gay Mistress Ford,
And I must have the lady,
If the attempt should cost my life.

FALSTAFF. (Ha, by my valor! this is interesting,
He comes in my preserves then!)
I know her well, she's a darling creature.

FORD. (You hell-hound, you.)
But she is strictly watched,
By an old jealous fool of a husband.
Know you him too?

FALSTAFF
I have never seen him, but everybody says,
He is the greatest fool alive, and also very rich

FORD. (Plague on your lying tongue.)
My dear sir, as this pretty woman has burned my head,
I pray that you may try your chance with her;
You are a gallant, with such cunning manners,
That she will be unable to resist you.

FALSTAFF. You think too much of me.

FORD. (Yes, as a scoundrel.) And so that you
May have all means at your command,
Permit me, sir, this little purse of gold,
For present service now to give you.

FALSTAFF. (Now, then, he must be a great fool.)
Master Brook, you are an honest man,
I do not doubt that I shall win the lady.

FORD. You think so? That would be really great.

FALSTAFF. But, tell me, what would you gain,
If I should be successful?

FORD. That is quite simple:
I know that she is always boasting of her virtue,
Now if I could only find, could be by you assured,
Could find by you some proof against her,
Then would I try my chance.

FALSTAFF. Nothing more than that? Then count upon my aid.

FORD. (I shall go mad with rage.) How! how! explain yourself.

FALSTAFF. Ha, ha, ha, ha, I'll do so in a moment;—
Hear me! For some days past, with her already
I've had a very nice flirtation.

FORD. (Oh, the devil!)

FALSTAFF. What do you say?

FORD. I say, I say! I have no doubt at all now,
And am beside myself with joy. But pray go on.

FALSTAFF. Yesterday I had with her a rendezvous,
And just as we began to have a loving talk,
Her husband came, the fool, quite mad with jealousy he seemed,
And a whole troop of neighbors with him.
How the devil he ever came to know about our Meeting. Enough, he came,
And roared and stamped about like a madman.

FORD. And you were still there?

FALSTAFF.
Yes I was! Luckily there came by chance
A good friend there, who timely gave us notice
Of his near approach; the darling creatures!
They knew well how to aid me,
And soon concealed me in a——

FORD. What?

FALSTAFF. Why, in a great wash-basket.

FORD. In a wash-basket?
FALSTAFF. Yes, dear sir, just think of that,
This great mass of heavy fat,
In a basket nearly smothered,
By a load of linen covered;
But the Thames' crystal flood,
Quickly cooled my fevered blood,
Oh dear sir, etc.
FORD. Yes, indeed, 'tis easily seen,
What your sufferings must have been,
You are really to be pitied,
To have been so badly treated,
By the charming Mrs. Ford.
All for love, how very hard.
All for love, etc.
FALSTAFF. Just think now.
FORD. And I suppose this bitter proof
Has almost quenched your ardent love?
FALSTAFF. Nearly, but I'll pursue my way,—
Upon my breast to-day she'll lay.
FORD. (Heavens! But I must keep still.)
How did you succeed so well?
FALSTAFF. If a conquest you would win, sir,
You must try to please like me;
Do you know, she has again, sir,
Sent for me this very day.
Her foolish husband, for his pleasure,
Hunting goes in quest of game;
A woman sticks at no half measure,
Once she feels love's ardent flame.
FORD. Now, you go, then, dear Sir John.
FALSTAFF. All to please you shall be done.
FORD. Thousand thanks, my worthy sir,
(For all this you'll pay me dear.)
FALSTAFF. 'Tis now time, the moments plead,
And my pigeon will be waiting.
FORD. All goes well, our hopes dilating.
FALSTAFF. All goes well, our hopes dilating.
FORD. And we both shall happy be,
Oh what gladness, oh what pleasure
In this meeting do I see.
FALSTAFF. Oh what gladness, etc.
How glad I am, I scarcely can
Restrain my ardent nature;
We both shall certainly trepan,
This artless, loving creature.
And her poor husband, silly clown,
With horns, a pair, we'll surely crown.
Ha, ha, ha, ha.
FORD. (How glad I am, I scarcely can
Restrain my ardent nature,
This day at last I've found a plan,
To punish this vile creature.
With pleasure do I think upon
The whipping you'll receive, Sir John.)
[Exeunt.

SCENE SECOND.

The Street.

[*Enter* SLENDER.]

SLENDER. The hour approaches when she comes,
To walk here day by day,
Perhaps I'll see her if I wait,
Till she comes by this way—
Oh, sweet Ann Page!
No, indeed, I'll wait no longer,
This day I will invest your heart;
Come, conrage, Slender, now be bold,
O beat not thus, my heart.
Your anguish she will surely see,
She will no longer frown.
Hark! some one draws near,
It may be her.
Be bold now, gracious heavens.
Now quick, hush! hush!
I'll hide myself behind this bush.

[*Enter* CAIUS.]

CAIUS. Je crue, que now it is the hour,
She comes to take a walk;
I'll try to meet her, quelle horreur,
And have one little talk.
I'll tell her plainly de ma propre bouche.
SLENDER.
He sees the bush, and now I am found out.
CAIUS. And shall speak thus: Sweet Ann Page,
I love you, oui, and if a devil come,
I'll gaze to kill him, par horreur.
Par le diable, where is Master Slender,
Where hides he now, where hides he now,
Would like to spit him, just like a sparrow,
And as for Master Fenton, I will do him,
I will do him.
FENTON. (*Singing without.*)
Hark, the lark in yonder grove,
CAIUS. Ciel, what is that,
Monsieur de Fenton do I hear,
I must hide me quickly here.

[*Enter* FENTON.]

FENTON. Hark, the lark in yonder grove,
Warbles soft his matin lay.
Open the casement, dearest love,
Listen to the melody.
Love in accents soft and clear,
Whispers in the loved one's ear.
Listen to the gentle lay,
As to thee it upward steals;
Doubt not that the melody,
All my fondest hope reveals.
Love in accents, etc.
SLENDER. Spare your voice, my worthy sir,
Ann loves only me, I'm sure.
CAIUS. Tiens! already I've got here,
I will kill you, oui, mon cher.

[*Enter* ANNA PAGE.]

FENTON. My dearest, speak, why do you weep?
ANNA. Oh cruel fate, I'm broken-hearted.
My father's threat, my mother's wish,
Will keep us ever parted.
FENTON. And you?
ANNA. Alas, I have no option.
FENTON.
What, you refuse me, then; alas! alas! alas!
You love me not! How shall I bear my fate?

ANNA. Fenton, dear Fenton,
Ask not, doubt not, fear dispelling,
Know'st thou not this heart of mine?
Must I, then, again be telling,
I am thine, and only thine!
Vain, dear mother, your entreating,
Vain, dear father, thy dread power;
Whilst with life this heart is beating,
Fenton, I am all thine own.

FENTON. O forgive my heart's despairing,—
Hence all doubt and idle fear;
O, what joy, what rapture, hearing
That to thee I am so dear.
Whilst with life thy heart is beating,
Thou art mine, forever mine.
BOTH. Whilst with life, etc.

QUARTETTE.

FENTON. Doth he, importunate, uncivil,
Persist to ask your heart and hand?
ANNA Yes, even so!
FENTON. His measures spare.
This shallow Slender, with his perpetual
"O sweet Ann Page."
SLENDER. (*Aside.*) Ha! the devil!
Who knows, what he may there remark.
ANNA. Father esteems him, clear of evil,
A comely, worthy, prudent spark.
FENTON Again, that muddle-headed Frenchman.
ANNA. In him my mother seeks a son.
CAIUS. Ah! now I smell one cette rat.
Ma foi! dis plot sall be undone.
FENTON. 'Gainst two such rivals in the field,
I buckle on my stoutest shield.
ANNA. Courage, love! pluck up heart,
Surely fate will prove propitious;
Put your trust in affection,
Then from word or thought suspicious;
All things, all things take our part.
SLENDER. Pleasing pain! Cupid's dart
Rends my soul with love delicious.
CAIUS. (*Aside.*) Sacre! Cunning art,
I shall provoke a combat vicious,
Or blade prepared and expectitious,
Shall transfix his heart. [*Exeunt*

SCENE THIRD.

FORD'S *House.*

[*Enter* FORD *and* MRS. FORD.]

FORD. So! a proper course I shape me.
In the snare he falls at last.
Yesterday, though he escaped me,
This day sees me gripe him fast.
MRS. FORD. Hast thou then the same distemper?
Canst my tearful cheek so scan?
Hear me out and keep your temper,
Jealous, passion-blinded man.
FORD. Now, I must have satisfaction.
MRS. FORD. I regret no previous action,
Though you think I am disgraced.
FORD. Dare you say that to my face?
MRS. FORD. Jealous booby!
FORD. What assurance!
MRS. FORD. Fitter for thee were chains and durance.
Let me be—or I'll murder thee!
FORD. I also—I'll make you pay the piper
Ere your wrath all is poured out,
O, I've been long the keeper
Of dainty Mrs. Ford.
Give away, deceitful viper,
Thou shalt rue this, on my word!
And experience, one fine day,
Injured husbands doth repay.
MRS. FORD. Jealous lightnings through thee play,
Stealing brain and sense away!

[*Enter Servants, bearing the Buck-basket.*]

(*Aside.*) O joy, they come most opportunely!
FORD. Halt! you rascals, put that down!
I will search throughout the basket.
(*To Servants.*) Place it here for a beginning;
This— (*To* MRS. FORD.) Seek no mercy, do not ask it—
MRS. FORD. I?
FORD. I'll do up your dirty linen.
MRS. FORD. (*Coolly.*) So be it.
FORD. Most transparent plot.
Look, I'll wash it on the spot.
(*To Servants.*)
Bah, why stand ye gaping there?
Muddle-heads! O, ho, the door is locked and bolted. [*Unlocks the door.*
March—away with you! [*Exeunt Servants.*
Now, I will pitch thy dainty gallant,
The linen hides him—most unpolitely,
Yes! I'll wash him clean, most neatly!
[*Foraging in the basket.*
Get out, thou dog!
MRS. FORD. Ha, ha! the jealous fool!
FORD. I know 'tis all pretence,
I'll have thy hide,
Thou fat knave! Come out from thence.

MRS. FORD. Quite right, all right, drive home
And lap him in eternal rest.
FORD. I'm positive that yesterday
The oily churl here hid his bacon!
He is not here, but where? then, say!
I beg of thee, wife!—Can I be mistaken?
Here still be found yet in the lurch;—
Through the whole house keenly we'll search.
MRS. FORD. My hand to help I will not reach.
FORD. Thou shalt learn it, in this day;—
Injured husbands can repay!
MRS. FORD Jealous lightnings through thee play,
Stealing brain and sense away.

[*A knock at the door.*

FORD. Who knocks?
SLENDER, CAIUS, and PAGE. (*Without.*)
Unlock, friend Ford,
We come at thy request.
FORD. Aha! I hasten; come in, come in!

[*Unlocks the door, they enter.*

O, neighbors, see how I am tried
By this most shameless, vicious woman.
PAGE. And so, at last, you've found him, neighbor?
FORD. Not yet: scarcely the scent has been unearthed,
We'll set the pack full-cry upon his traces!
CAIUS. O ciel! quelle chose epouvantable!
Vy, dis is lunatics! dis is some mad chien.
FORD. You ridiculed me yesterday,
To-day ye'll find the tables turned,
And learn an injured husband's vengeance.
MRS. FORD. Then up, in name of heaven!
I seek no longer to detain ye—
But search the house, 'tis equal quite to me,
Come forth at once, fair Mistress Page,
Bring with you the old woman,
My husband wants to go up stairs.

[*Enter* MRS. PAGE, *with* FALSTAFF, *disguised as a woman.*]

FORD. "Old woman!" What dost mean?
MRS FORD. You know, our maid's old aunt, sir,
The stoutish wife of Brentford!
FORD. Cozening quean!
Is she not in this house forbidden?
MRS. FORD. Nay, mercy, sweetest husband pray;
Good gentle folk and neighbors,
Let him not strike the poor old woman.
MRS. PAGE. Lean, then, Mother Pratt, on me,
I'll conduct you toward the door.
FORD. How? Mother Pratt, I trow, is she,
Pratt her. [*Striking* FALSTAFF.
MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE. Bravo!
FORD. I'll Pratt her o'er and o'er.
Hark, ye witch! what keeps ye here?
Harms and daubs, and fortune-telling?
Hey?
FALSTAFF. What is it, sir? My hearing's not clear.
FORD. Prophesying? Letter spelling?
And bamboozling simple folks. Hey?
FALSTAFF. Ah, I know not what you speak!
FORD. The baggage! She does my wrath provoke!
Get out! [*Strikes her*
ALL. Drive her hence! Get out! [*Exit* FALSTAFF
MRS. FORD and PAGE.
What a racket, noise, and rout!
FORD. Pshaw! Sorely I belabored this old dragon
Let not our purpose further lay on;
I'll snare her gallant in his brass,
Or write me all a very ass!
MRS. FORD and PAGE.
Sharpen eyesight, prick your hearing,
Seek and find and hold him fast.
Laughing smiles our features nearing,
Prove the threatened danger past.
FORD. PAGE, and SLENDER.
Sharpen eyesight, prick your hearing,
Seek and find and hold him fast;
Sure, with hour of triumph nearing,
Promised victory comes at last!
CAIUS. Oui! Oui! Attention!
Oui! Oui! I catch him fast.
All dese mans is mad, I'm fearing,
I too be soon mad, at last!
FORD. Ha! with joy my brain doth spin,
Knowing not how to begin.
CAIUS. Jealousie, de green-eye fool!
Makes for his praise to spin!

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT THIRD.

Windsor Park.

BALLAD.

MRS. PAGE.
1. Of Herne, the hunter, a legend old
Tells how he roamed in Windsor's wold:
Day out, day in,
In the night I wean;
Day in, day out,
With shout and rout!
He hunted a hart, with pride forbye,
With huzza and talley-ho for cry.
It sought the holy oak-tree,
A help from death then invoked he;
But Herne, who no rebuke could brook,
Recked not one scrap the holy oak—
O, Herne, that shaft from thy quiver
Hath caused thee to hunt there forever

2. Of Herne, the hunter, a legend old,
Tells how he roamed in Windsor's wold:
By starlight gleam,
In the moon's beam,
Night in, night out,
With shout and rout.
He struck at the hart between each eye,
And fearful rang his talley-ho cry.
"O fly the holy old oak tree,
Lest death's deep shadow do cloak thee."
Then midnight sounded from the dock,
And round about the moon-lit oak,
Doth Herne for ever tarry,
And lures who pass for his quarry. [*Exit.*

[*Enter* ANNA PAGE.]

ANNA. Well, then:—the plot is all arranged,
Now strikes the hour, we must be up and doing.
And the guardian sprite of love,
Enchanting fay, Titania!
Hear my fervent vows, and o'er me spread
Thy wing of dazzling light:
Direct me onward by its effulgence!
Not with a green investure will I deck me,
Nor yet in purple clothe my brow:
No! white shall be my wand,
My robe of white and white my wreath,
A crown of lilies intertwined with snowdrops.
With light and purity on my brow
I draw near thee, and near me, thou:
Then swear thyself for ever mine,
And I, too, thine; yes, thine!
Deep in the forest's leafy shade,
Beat glitt'ring pulses through the glade:
The mellow moonbeam lights with silver gleaming
That forest shrine, whose holy radiance beaming
Beholds me kneel to call thee mine,
And consecrates my oath with thine.
We rise departing hand in hand
In Hymen's sacred band!
O dream of enchantment, O blissful joy!
Your light is so golden, without alloy!
The clouds are dissolved in an ocean of blue,
And moonbeams bespangle the meadow anew.
Fulfilment approaches with roseate glauce,
And love dews my senses in ecstasy's trauce.
O, dream of enchantment! O blissful joy!
Your light is so golden, without alloy!

CHORUS.

O silver moon,
O lovely night!
Rest is enthroned—
All love is bright. [*Exit.*

[*Enter* FALSTAFF, *disguised, with a buck's head on.*]

FALSTAFF. The bell has pealed her midnight chime,
The happy hour is nigh.
O Jupiter! protean god,
Hear my Olympian sigh.
Were I a god, had I thy art,
Straightway would I become a hart.
But list—a rustle stirs the grove,
'Tis sure the nimble hind I love.

MRS. FORD. (*Entering.*)
Sh! Sh! Sir John! Sh! Sh!

FALSTAFF. (*Bellowing.*) Ba!

MRS. FORD. My noble hart, behold me here!

FALSTAFF. O lithe and slim and supple deer!

MRS. PAGE. (*Entering.*) Sh! sh!

FALSTAFF. Be still, there's some one near;
My sweetheart, Mistress Page, is here.

MRS. PAGE.
Who thought that you were by, Sir John?
I could not let her come alone.

FALSTAFF. Now let it thunder, with lightning!
Now let the rain like pitchforks pour;
You two my rest shall brighten,
As each and both I adore.

MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.
Now tell us first, most tender youth,
If we indeed may trust thy truth?

FALSTAFF. From my boots unto my wristbands
I glow with love for both;
So come!

MRS. FORD.
Ah! thou chuck, thou duck, thou treasure!

MRS. PAGE. Are no eaves-droppers nigh?

FALSTAFF. A nook I know where pleasure
Can 'scape each prying eye.

MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.
O heaven! Lights around us glance!
From hence! From hence! From hence!
[*They fly*

FALSTAFF. The fairies on our track!
I'll wink and couch, alack! [*Conceals himself.*

BALLET AND FAIRY CHORUS.

[*Enter* ANNA, *as* TITANIA; FENTON, *as* OBERON; PAGE, *as* HERNE, *the Hunter; and Chorus.*]

CHORUS. About, about, ye elves about,
Search Windsor Castle in and out;
Strew good luck around on ev'ry room,
To stand until perpetual doom.

ANNA PAGE.
Lock hand in hand, ourselves in order set,
With em'rald tufts, flow'rs purple, blue, and white,
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be
To guide our measure round about the tree!

FENTON. With trial fire touch his ev'ry finger,
If he be chaste, the flame-proof will not linger;
Away! disperse! but 'till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak.

CHORUS. About him sing a scornful rhyme,
And trip and pinch him to your time;
Through bush and brier, flow'r and thorn
Blow Hunter Herne with merry horn!

PAGE. (*Blows his horn, it refuses to sound.*)
'Tis still!—the horn doth straight reveal,
That here doth man himself conceal.
[FALSTAFF *is discovered*

CHORUS. A man! a man! O treachery!
Up! pinch him for his villainy!

We have him now in his retreat.
See, Herne, behold thy counterfeit!
PAGE. What drove thee, boldest child of day,
To masque it in this mummer's way?
My host of spirits thou hast mocked;
In death's cold dark embrace be locked.
Elfins! Fairies! Chant a rhyme,
Trip and pinch, and pinch in time!

FAIRY DANCE AND CHORUS.

CHORUS. Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, burn him! turn about,
Till the moon and stars be out.
PAGE. (*Contemplating the half-dead* FALSTAFF.)
Up, ye fairies, one and small,
Fall upon him, one and all!
CHORUS. Fie on sinful fantasy!
O fie on lust and luxury!
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Lust is but a bloody fire
Kindled with unchaste desire;
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire;
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Mass of evil,
Carnal devil!
We your blubber sides will harry;
Such a trouncing,
Heaving, bouncing,
Never did you feel before, sir.
Fairies, seize him!
Fairies, pinch him!
Not a blow his fears can stop.
Life is forfeit;
Quickly doff it,
And become as nought

[*Re-enter* MRS. FORD *and* MRS. PAGE.]

THE LADIES.
A cupful of pleasure to-night we have quaffed,
And proved to each husband, unshaken our duty;
Through Windsor for years will this story be laughed,
And now for the union of true faith with beauty!
Sir John! Sir John!
FALSTAFF. Alas!
ALL. We will our mercies show'r;
We pardon;—and would have it reported,
How this comedy gracefully ended,
And the blithe dames of Windsor disported

END OF THE OPERA.

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
MUSIC LIBRARY
This book is due on the last date stamped below, or on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

JUN 1 1971	SENT ON ILL
NCS 4/18/79	FEB 17 2006
AUG 24 1981	U.C. BERKELEY
NOV 14 1998	
SENT ON ILL	
SEP 15 1998	
U. C. BERKELEY	

LD21A-5m-2,'71
(P2001s10)476—A-32

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

GAYLAMOUNT
PAMPHLET BINDER
Manufactured by
GAYLORD BROS. Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Stockton, Calif.

ML50.N5.L8 1900a
C037511891
U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C037511891

DATE DUE

Music Library
University of California at
Berkeley